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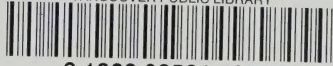
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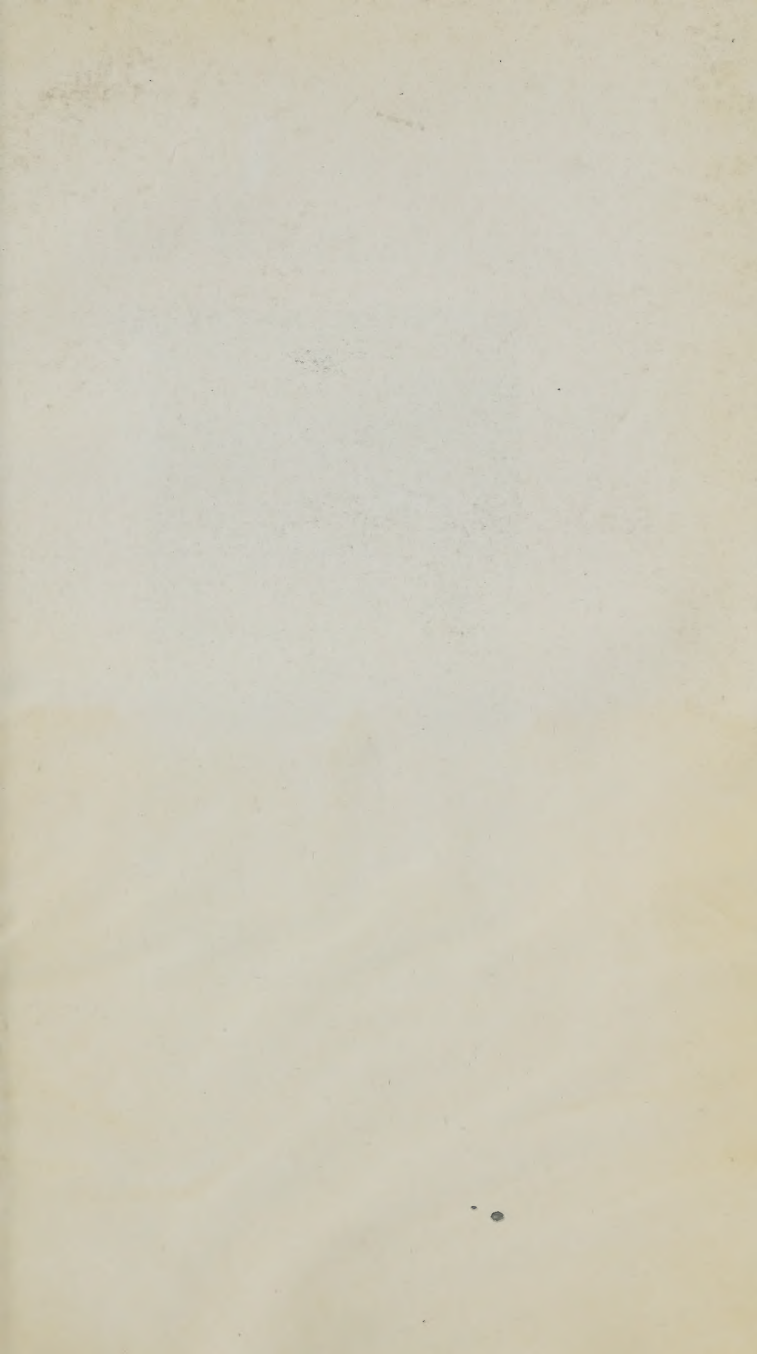
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THE AUTHOR—"GAY PAGE"

The Workshops *and Other Poems*

With Compilation
by "GAY PAGE"

Florence N. Horner Sherk

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



Author of

"For Valor" "Beauties of New Ontario"
"Civics in the Public School"
"Legends of Lake Superior" Etc.

FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO
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THE TIMES-JOURNAL PRESS
FORT WILLIAM, ONTARIO
AND PORT ARTHUR

DEDICATED
TO
JAMES HARDY SHERK
AND
"ALL GOOD WORKERS"

"Ho! all who labor, all who strive!
Ye wield a lofty power.
Do with your might, do with your strength—
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege 'to do,'
Is man's most noble dower.
So, to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls, be true.
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do!"

79602

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PREFACE

Dear pupils of my school-teaching days, and dear readers of my ephemeral newspaper writing:—these verses have been published, from time to time, in “my own papers,” in other Canadian newspapers, in magazines in Canada, the United States and England—one of them forty years ago, many of them over twenty years ago, some of them since the Great War began. My only excuse for the folly of collecting them in book form is—that I do not want to be forgotten. This vanity alone is responsible for what will bring me very limited fame and no fortune. All I ask, when I sleep on the hill near Mount McKay, is that my poor verses will be read by old friends and old pupils to remind them of one who loved to record their many good deeds, with the hope that some of the verses may be worth remembering.

This confession I make in hope of absolution by loyal friends and my old pupils.

FLORENCE N. SHERK,
(Gay Page.)

THE WORK SHOPS

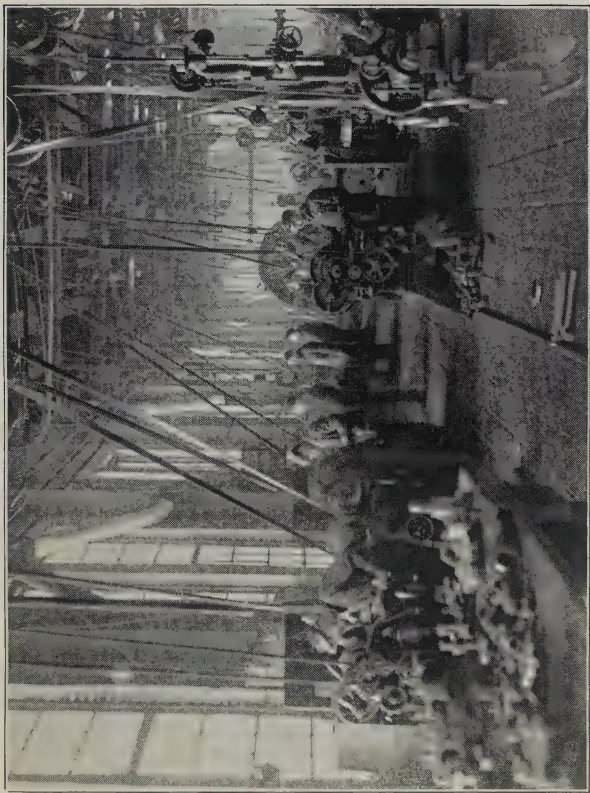
Clang! clang! clang!
How the great hammers rang,
With never a moment of quiet between!
From morning to night
They were swung by the might
Of the strong arms, all brawny and blackened,
I ween.
For the clang! clang! clang!
As it noisily rang,
Seemed ever its deafening din to increase
Till a fair lady cried,
As she plaintively sighed,
“How I wish that its horrible clamor might
cease!”
But soon came a day
When the great workshops lay
All silent and dim, like a giant asleep;
And the strong arms that swung
The great hammers now hung
Like the sails of a vessel becalmed on the deep.
For the clang! clang! clang!
No longer it rang,
And the stout heart grew faint, and the calm
eye turned wild;
For what can be worse,
Or more bitter a curse,
Than no work, to win bread for the mother and
child?

THE WORK SHOPS

And then, once again,
Like a glad, joyous strain
Of music the sweetest, was borne on the air
The hammer's quick blow,
As it swung to and fro,
Keeping time to the music of hearts free from
care.
For the clang! clang! clang!
Now joyfully rang,
Like a paean of victory, buoyant and free!
And sad hearts grew light,
As lips whispered at night,
"Thank God who sends labor for you and for
me!"

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW ON MOUNTAIN AND SEA

Bird-like our vessel skimmed light o'er the
waters,
While the storm clouds around us loomed
dark o'er the lea,
But with happy hearts free from all troubled
forebodings
We saw but the sunlight on mountain and
sea.



THE WORK SHOPS

Dark grew the hills and the valleys around us,
And shadows enveloped the mountain's high
crest,

But our eyes looked ahead where the sunlight
was flashing

And the blue sky smiled bravely at fear and
unrest.

The misty shapes, looming so dark all around
us,

Were changed by the sunlight to opal and
pearl:

And, veiling in beauty each headland and
island,

Pale amethyst curtains around them unfurl.

Fair, fair looked those headlands and islands
before us,

And the rings of green light swept the dark-
shadowed lea,

Till the opal and amethyst gems were
embedded

In bright golden sunlight on mountain and
sea!

HOME?

I asked my soul the meaning of that word;
A glow, like sun-kissed sea, my pulses stirred
When answer came, like song of forest bird:—
“ ’Tis where you know some heart beats true
 and warm,
‘Because’ you’re near, in sunshine or in storm;
 ’Tis someone wanting you;
 ’Tis someone always true;
’Tis heavenly echoes through earth’s shadows
 heard.”

THE CHIMES OF ST. PAUL’S

Beautiful, beautiful bells!
Ring out sweet melody;
 Chiming, chiming,
Your highest notes of praise
 In glad Doxology,
Until the shells hear the silver bells
 And echo the strains o’er the sea!

Ring out, O beautiful bells,
Away to the distant sea;
 Singing, singing,
Far out beyond our shores,



a HOME
b "IN SUNSHINE AND IN STORM"

Until the echoes bring
On soft winds blown, from every zone,
The heart's "Sweet Home" when you
sing!

Sing louder, beautiful bells!
Sing out melodious truths;
Telling, telling,
Tales of dear Motherland,
Tales of deep mystery;
Legends that bring to the feet of our king
Bright gold for our history!

Sing softly, beautiful bells!
Sing sweet, sweet harmony;
Swelling, swelling,
Love's trembling notes divine;
Of joyous, gladsome birth;
Sound the toll that tells when the heavenly
bells
Are calling our loved from earth!

BABY MARGARET

“There are babies and babies,” said Patsy,
“But none like this sweetest new girl!
Daddy calls her his dear little Peggy,
But her real name is Margaret—a pearl.

“Does she fear that we don’t want to keep her
That she holds to my finger so fast?
Why, Daddy says every new baby
Is a far finer one than the last!”

AFTER SCHOOL

When the school is closed at evening,
And I hear the gay “Good-night!”
As the troops of merry children
Scamper home with hearts so light,
And their happy, gleeful voices,
Clear and joyous, reach my ear,
Like the warble of the song birds
In the springtime of the year,—

I forget the care and trouble
They have caused me through the day,
And I pray that God will keep them
Free from guilt through life’s rough way;



BABY MARGARET

Keep my boys from dark temptation,
Be a lamp unto their feet;
Give my girls the loving patience
Future cares and griefs to meet.

And I pray for help and wisdom
For myself, that I may be
More like that great Guide and Teacher,
Patient, gentle, pure as He.
And I pray that when the twilight
Comes to me, and day grows dim,
He will let me join the children,
Take me safe to Heaven and Him.

THE SWORD OF EMPIRE

From far Pacific ocean waves that lave
Columbia's shore,
To Nova Scotia's rugged coast resounded, as
of yore,
The lusty cheer the world might hear as men
went marching by,
Till wounded warriors staggered home to tell
how brave men die.
No sound of trumpet echoed the burden of
their tale,
But broken soldiers proudly flung its glories
to the gale.
And o'er Canadian mountains and from
prairies of the west,

From roses and from shamrocks, from the
thistle's hardy breast,
From fleur-de-lis and maple, faithful to the
sacred soil,
Came a cry to those who guarded treasured
blessings by their toil—
“Leave the plowshare and the harrow! Brain
and brawn must bend to yield
Greater harvest for the Empire on the blood-
red battle field!”
Then, indeed, a sound like thunder rose from
river, lake and plains,
True and clear as blood that courses through
the bold Canadian veins,
For to more than sound of battle did the
banners beckon now—
Fleur-de-lis and rose and shamrock, maple
leaf and thistle, bow
As the sword of Freedom knights them
champions of the King above,
Who hath given to their keeping peace and joy
for those they love.
Now the blessed word of Angels shall the
sword of Empire bear,
And the cross and crown and flow'rets laud
the King in praise and prayer!



CANADIAN FLAGS ON WOLFE'S MONUMENT,
WESTMINSTER ABBEY

“MOTHER ENGLAND”

“That day will never come when scattered nations
of the British race, looking with loyal love from every
compass, to the little mother isles—

‘Girt by the dim straight sea,
And multitudinous wall of wandering wave,’

and reposing safe and glorious in that sapphire embrace,
shall turn round to call on Canada to add her
voice to swell the peal of filial gratulation, of proud
assurance of co-operation, and, if need be, of help—
and will turn in vain.”

—(Nicholas Flood Davin, in Shaftsbury Hall
speech, Toronto, 1873.)

We love thee, Mother England!

There is no other word

Our hearts can feel, our lips can breathe,

Our ears have ever heard—

That thrills like “Mother England!

(“Step-mother,” if you will—,

That word but proves her mother-love

Diviner, deeper still!)

We love thee, Mother England,

Whose arms still open wide

To welcome those who fain would fly

For shelter to thy side.

Who loves not Mother England

Must worse than bastard be!

For bended twigs take root and grow

About the mother-tree.

That fungus, Mother England,
That parasite, who lives
Upon thy strength—who only takes,
And no protection gives—

Deserves, dear Mother England,
No other name to own
But Viper vile, “that stings the breast
Whereon its strength has grown!”

A WELCOME SONG

Secure in God’s own might,
Across the ocean wave
Good ships have borne you home,
With other hearts as brave!

With valiant, daring men,
From ends of all the earth,
We welcome you—to whom
The Empire owes new birth.

Thrilling with joy, we greet
Each clear-eyed, smiling lad;
The march of homeward feet
Ringing with triumph glad!

No sadness dims our song.
In Heaven the valiant dead,
With voices proudly strong,
The triumph anthems led!

They sing with Him who faced
The path they late have trod;
Upon their brows He placed
The sign—"Set free for God!"

Sons of a famous land,
Whose fame your courage gave—
Welcome! our hero band,
The bravest of the brave!

NOTE—Sung at Welcome Home service to the 52nd Battalion, C. E. F., and all returned men, Sunday, March 30th, 1919, in St. Paul's and in St. Luke's churches, Fort William.

REGINA

Regina, the Queen of the Prairies!
Saskatchewan's star of the West!
Her diadem royal, red roses,
Bright eglantine gems on her breast.

Silver-bordered by lovely Wascana
Lie the green velvet folds of her train;
Sapphire blue-bells and bright Shasta daisy
Gem the links in her glittering chain.

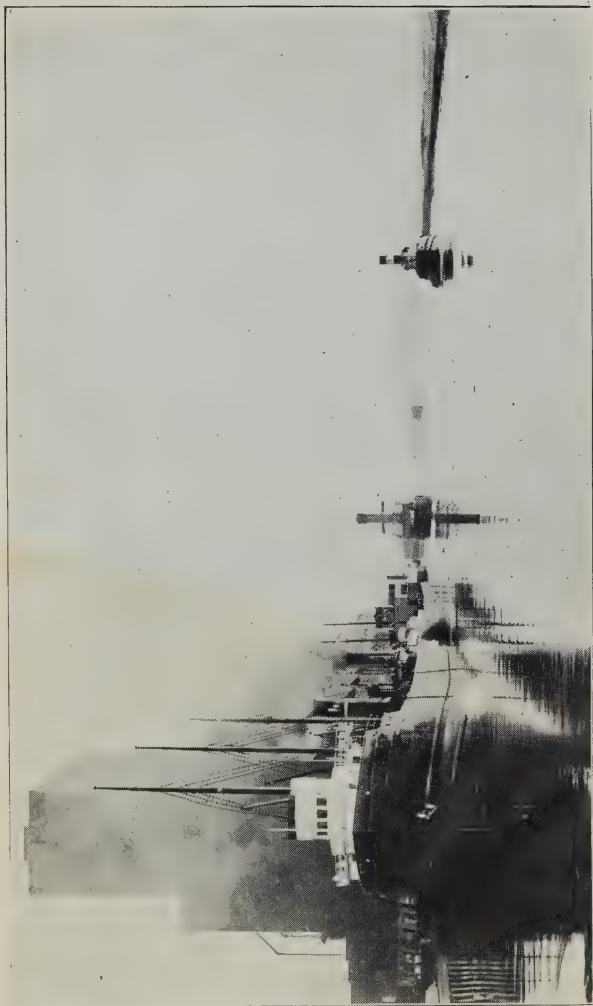
She smiles on her scarlet-clad guardsmen,
 Standing close to the folds of her gown,
Like the spears lying hid 'neath the petals
 Of the rose in her radiant crown.

And her beautiful head bows before them
 In sweet, stately homage, I ween,
When she thinks how they fought for old
 England,—
 As they'd fight for their dear Prairie Queen.

Woe betide the rash foe who should venture
 To touch the rich gems on her breast,
While her scarlet-clad guardsmen surround
 her,—
 Regina, the Queen of the West!

HO! FOR SILVER ISLET

Leave behind the dusty office,
 Step away from busy stores,
Down the slope along the subway
 Leading to the pier-lined shores;
Till you see the tall masts clust'ring,
 And the smoke-stacks looking black,
And the little tug-boats flirting
 Up and down the harbor track;
Till, across the rippling harbor,
 You can see the ships that be
Inbound laden with the treasures
 From across our inland sea.



OUTWARD BOUND

"Past the tow'ring elevators,
Past the slender-masted ships."

Let the gallant Sigma bear you
O'er the gleaming waters soon,
While the music softly echoes,
And the waves repeat the tune.
Then, through purple shades of twilight,
In the summer's slumber gleam,
Home again across the waters
With the ships of song and dream.

THE ELEVATOR TOWN

We have gained such wide renown
As "The Elevator Town,"
That the tourists, when they strike the place,
all cry:—
"Here's a bloomin' how d'you do!
There are twenty-four in view,
And another one, b'Jove, is on the w'y!"
For the place has passed, y'see,
Quite beyond its 'A,' 'B,' 'C,'
But we'll climb the lot, or know the reason
w'y;
Then, if further sport we want,
We can cross the Hellespont,
An' toddle to the top of Mount McKay!"

NOTE—The original elevators were the three
C. P. R. elevators, named, in order of building,
A., B. and C.

SUMMER AT HOME—MY FLOWERS

I can see them—crimson roses,
All aglow with Love's desire,
Poppy heads of scarlet splendor,
Like a flame of colored fire;
Purple pansies, with their faces
Looking up in wide-eyed wonder,
Waving ferns with fronds soft curling,
Blue-bell sapphires gleaming under;
Marguerites with hearts of amber,
Cornflowers blue, and marigold,
Honeysuckles sweet that clamber,
Morning glories gay unfold,—
But the sweetest incense swinging
Comes from clover blossoms sere,
Crushed by baby fingers, bringing
Posies bright for "Mother dear."



MY FLOWERS

OFF TO THE SILVER MOUNTAINS

Come boys, come boys, won't you go with me?
It's off to the hills we'll go,
And watch the mining of the silver lining
Of New Ontario.

Chorus—

Away to the Silver Mountains,
Away to the hills we'll go,
Where the shining beam of the silver gleams
In New Ontario.

Come girls, come girls, choose your colors
now—

Choose the copper's dull red glow,
Or the iron's bright flare in its molten glare,
In New Ontario.

Chorus—

Come boys, come girls; copper, gold, or iron,
Beauty, and strength, and glow,
Are the treasurers rare that are garnered
there,
In New Ontario.

Chorus—

SHIRLEY POPPIES

I knew you first in pictures drawn
Of English flowers in golden grain;
Here, in this dear Canadian home,
You steal into my heart again.

Love's long ethereal days are done—
The stubble, left from golden corn,
Hurts like the waking from a dream
Of Love's sweet raptures newly-born.

But all your lovely petals hold,
In carmine flakes of tender bloom,
The spirit of departed joys,
Like fires that light the winter gloom.

You warm to life youth's fading leaves,—
Bid gardens smile 'mid winter tears;
In each red chalice glows the wine
Safe garnered from Love's ruby years.



THE MAPLE AVENUE, SHERKSTON

VIOLETS

Sweet-scented violets, purple and white,
Cool with the dews of morn, bathed in God's
light!

White for the flag of truce, tidings of peace,
Joys borne to hearts at home, bidding tears
cease.

Sweet-scented violets, purple and white,
Heavy with morning dew—dew-dimmed
our sight,
Purple for brave hearts stilled—love-light all
fled,
Echoes that ceaseless wake, mourning our
dead.

Sweet-scented violets, purple and white,
Mingling your fragrance out in God's light!
Wear them to honor lives, strong to the end,
Given for Cross and King, homeland and friend!

NOTE—Written in memory of Lieut. Harold Lothrop Borden, only son of Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, killed in action in South Africa, 1900, Lady Borden having written that the little children gathered violets to decorate his grave.

MAPLE LEAVES

You sent them leaves of Maple,
Filled with the sun's rich wine,
To spur them on to valor
Along the battle line.

They'll see, in glorious vision,
The warm red leaves between,
Their fair Canadian homeland,
In well-remembered scene.

They'll hear us sing "The Maple,"
That lovingest of songs,
And all the dear old music
For which a lone heart longs.

And, like a giant rising
Refreshed anew with wine,
A Titan proud and mighty
Will tower along the line.

Your leaves of flaming Maple
Will gleam like swords of fire,
And win, with blood-red emblem,
Their goal of heart's desire!

MUSKOKA

A joyous call we hear, like voice of Spring,
From fair Muskoka's shore, whose jeweled ring
Gleams where the opal waves, in music, fling
Storm-green and turquoise light, aurora cold,
Or dawn and twilight's ruby gems, and gold—
Till evening's shadow mist,
Of rare, pale amethyst,
Star-flecked, hangs glittering.

Bright waters, where the sunlight paints each
wave
With colored shadow-tints the soft clouds
gave,
Curve, like a fond embracing arm, to lave
The lovely island shores of green, that rise,
Horizon-circled, 'neath the cobalt skies
Dappled with clouds of pearl,
That, lilac lined, unfurl
Their pennons free and brave!

Muskoka! young in freshness and delight,
Old on Time's page—thy beauty and thy might
Call not in vain across the waters bright!
The way-worn traveller towards life's sunset
hue
Finds Youth reflected in thy waters blue;
Thy pulsing bosom, cool
As blest Bethesda's pool,
Gives joy and life, and light!

TO ISLE ROYALE

Kaministikwia's clear waters,
 (Note the hour and set your clock),
Will be shining in the sunlight
 While the low waves roll and rock.
With the seagull's graceful motion.
 Outward bound the vessel dips,
Past the tow'ring elevators,
 Past the slender-masted ships;
While the low, hoarse steamer whistles
 Sound their signals through the air,
With the lemon-funneled liners
 Belching smoke-wreaths here and there.
Out across the shining waters
 Steadily the vessel swings,
Towards the capes that part the currents
 Of the north wind's winnowing wings.
O'er Superior's broad bosom,
 Borne by winds so strong and free,
Drifts the old bewitching music
 Of the blue melodious sea!
And the deep, rich notes are singing
 Of the emerald gems that hide
Where Isle Royale nestles proudly,
 Kissed by bold Superior's tide.
And he woos the queenly maiden,
 With his murmurs soft and low
Back to loyal hearts that love her—
 Will she say him "Yes" or "No?"



ISLE ROYALE

A DREAM OF THE SEA

I closed my eyes to seek tranquility,
And from afar, serene, and calm, and free,
Came to my soul the heaven of the Sea.
Beneath the warm caresses of the sun,
Each wave, in white guimpe, like a holy nun,
Murmured a song of peace,
Of joys to bring surcease
Of pain eternally.

SUNSET AND STAR

Splendor-gleams of pearl and amber paint the
sky where sunset's dying,
Where the shadow of the evening like my lady's
veil is flying—
Curling softly over red lips and her locks of
golden brown—
Soft'ning hues of flame and russet in a mesh
of dewy mist,
Toning down the crimson glory with faint film
of amethyst,
Curling softly till it shadows eyes of blue and
golden crown.

But the night's soft mass of splendor, where
the moonbeams shine and shimmer,
Over robes of sable wonder lit with starshine
all a-glimmer,
When, like fireflies through the darkness, all
the city watchlights burn,
And the stars look smiling downward on those
tiny jets of brightness—
Fills my heart with peaceful music and a joy-
ous happy lightness,
For the city's mirrored starlight is the gleam
of hope's return.

THE WANING YEAR

“Swift, sweet birds with sudden flying,
Quick as thought that the heart's love flings,
Stay with us—ah! can the year be dying!
Stay with us, stay but a little longer,
Swift, sweet birds with your glancing wings!

“Wait, ah! wait, happy golden hours,
Wait till the spirit's wings are stronger!
Must you, too, follow the birds and flowers?
Wait, ah! wait, but a little longer.”

But sweeter than mine are the voices low
 calling!
Stronger the south wind, so summer must
 die;
Fairer spring's blossoms than autumn leaves
 falling—
Flowers and bright hours, I bid you good-
 bye!

TO THE PIED PIPER

Years ago, in Hamelin's city,
 (Hamelin, doomed, for broken vow,
To the silence and the sorrow
 That my soul is dreading now)
In your wrath you lured the children
 By your music weird and sweet,
Till they left their toys and mothers,
 Followed you with eager feet.

All but one of all that number,
 All that laughing, dancing tide,
Reached at last the wondrous portal
 Opened in the mountain side.
Still you charm all crippled children,
 Since that poor, lame boy stood still,
Left alone against his will.
List'ning for your mystic music,

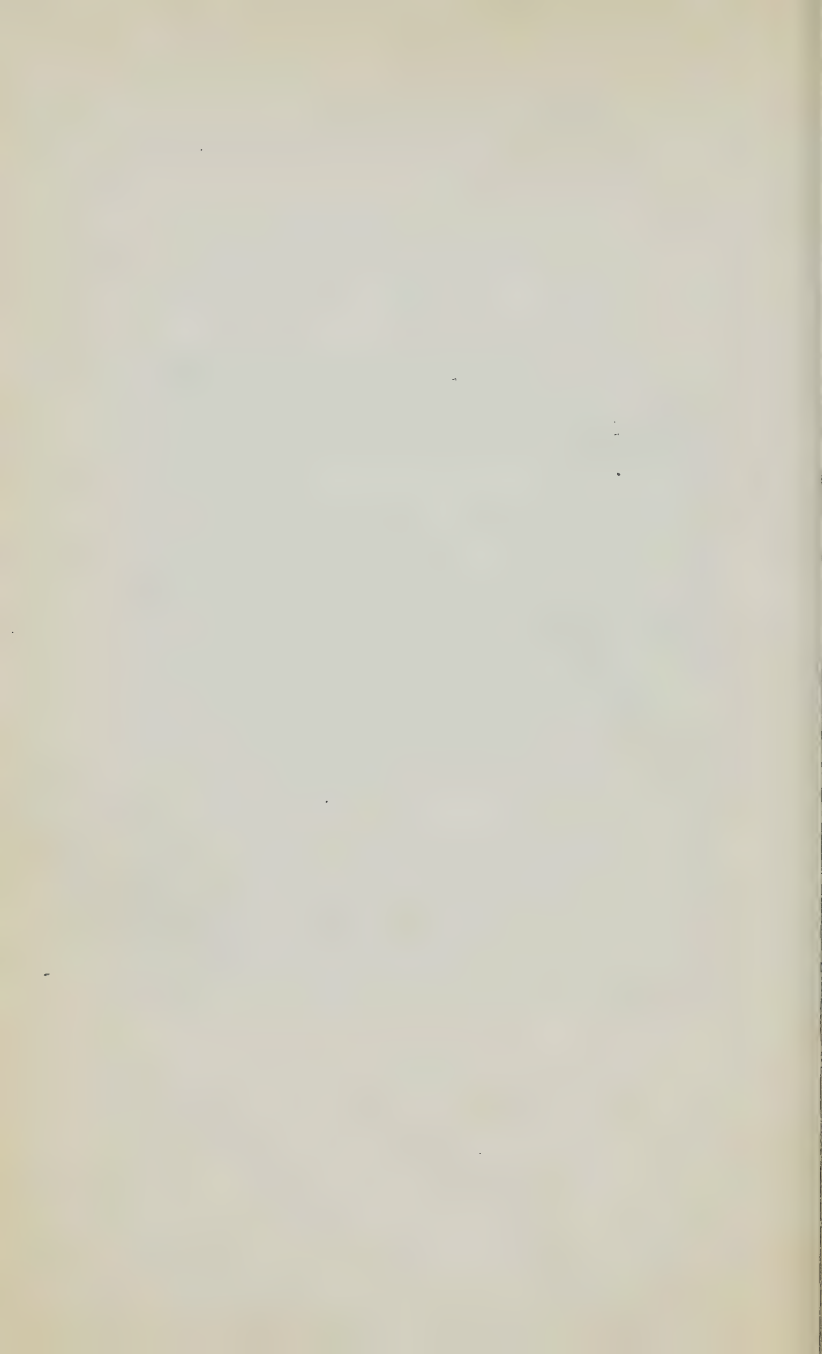
Now you come, my child alluring,
Till he longs to join your train;
All in vain my tender pleading,
Tears and moaning all in vain!
He has heard your sweet, low music,
And the hectic glow burns bright,
For he longs to join the dancers,
Step, like them, so gay and light.

He believes that in that country
Are no tired nor crippled feet;
So he longs to hear you call him
With your music soft and sweet.
But I cannot hear the music—
I can only hear the wind,
And the ceaseless sobbing, sobbing,
Of the sad hearts left behind.

All life's music, all its brightness,
All the joy that earth can know,
All life's sweetness—die forever,
If you bid my darling go.
Oh! forgive those broken pledges!
Let me share my loved one's joy!
Let me hear your magic music!
Let me follow with my boy!



CUPID'S CAMP
SILVER ISLET



PICTURES ON THE WALL

Smiling eyes that never waver,
From their places on the wall,
Meet my wistful, yearning glances,
When the twilight shadows fall.

Calm and steadfast, all unchanging,
Mutely answering to mine;
But their living joy and sweetness
Into other eyes now shine.

Will "her" love, that wakes such lovelight,
Burn as bright when years have flown?
Will her loving heart's devotion
Bring you memories of my own?

Will the tender love I gave you,
Mirrored in their dear eyes, fall
From the faces of her children,
When they hang upon your wall?

A VALENTINE

"The god of love, ah, "benedicite,"
How mighty and how great a lord is he!"

"The rose is red, the violet blue,"—
These words you wrote, dear, years ago,—
"Like violets blue your heart is true;
Love lights your cheek with rose's glow."

But sweeter far, to me, today,
Your eyes that still with lovelight shine,
Though years have dimmed the rose's glow,
And silver locks mark life's decline.

'Tis only love like this can bring
To life the dead leaves of the past,
Can wake again the flowers of spring
And bid June's roses always last.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Let Irish hearts and Irish hands,
This day, the wide world over,
Unite in love and pledge anew
Firm faith with friend and brother!
Let Ireland's sons and daughters true
At Patrick's shrine their vows renew!

O blessed Saint, whose magic voice,
The legend tells, had power
To drive each venomed creature forth
That lurked in stream or bower,
And made our Emerald Island worth,
To Irish hearts, a Heaven on earth.

Still keep our hearts and lives as pure
As that Green Island's beauty,
That no vile thought be found entwined
With Irish love and duty!
That friend or foe may ever find
But purest gems in heart and mind!

Where'er the Thistle and the Rose
Are nestled close together,
The Shamrock green for aye is seen,
Or sprig of Irish heather.

More loyal hearts have never been
Than hearts that beat beneath the green!

Then let this emblem of the spring
Be each true heart's adorning,
While Erin's praises loud we sing
This bright St. Patrick's morning!
May hope through all our anthems ring
At each succeeding gathering!

ORANGE AND GREEN

Earth wears the green today, my boys,
The color ever true;
She weaves its verdure all about
The orange and the blue!

Arrayed in brilliant blue above,
The spreading sky is seen,
But the mantle of our mother earth
Is still the glorious green.

And, blending with her emerald robe,
The orange flowers unfold;
While Kathleen's eyes of blue outshine
Both green and cups of gold.

EASTER LILIES

Where the water lies stagnant and silent,
No life-giving glow on its breast;
Where the slime round the noisome reed
gathers,
Till we shudder with fear and unrest,—
Lo! borne on the dark water's bosom,
The lily's fair petals unfold
In all their white wonderful beauty,
Each bearing a chalice of gold.

So, out of the heart's darkest shadows,
From the pain and the terrors of sin,
Comes the glow of the glad resurrection
From the guilt and the torments within.
O wonderful sunlight of Heaven!
O wonderful love that must flow,
To quicken such beauty and sweetness
In the fen of the Serpent below!

MAY DAY

The brown buds are breaking,
The lilies are waking,
The snow-drops are calling today;
Soft piping of plovers,
Those plaintive spring lovers,
All helping to welcome the May.



THE PROMISE OF MAY

Nest-hunters are singing,
On bare branches swinging—
 Brave warblers, so merry and gay!
Bold Robin, the rover,
And bees, hunting clover,
 All hasten to welcome the May.

'Tis not thy glad bringing
Of blue skies, nor singing
 Alone that win welcome, fair May,
But the glorious meaning
Of thy tender leaning
 Towards summer's still lovelier day.

THANKSGIVING

Thank God for every weather,
 The sunshine and the wet;
For roses and for pansies
 And perfumed mignonette,
And, after summer blessings,
 May others follow fast,
Until our lips may whisper,
 "Thank God for peace at last!"

AUTUMN RAIN

From a cold sky forth,
Far up in the north,
The wild wind cries across the leas,
The clouds in anger lower down,
Till their tears fall over the naked trees,
Sob-shaken for loss of their ivy gown.

Like a funeral pall
Dark shadows fall,
That curtain over the heart's bright glow,
Till we turn from the rain on the window pane,
And pray for the gleam of the falling snow
To hide the place where our flowers have lain.

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS

When, silently beaming, that glorious artist,
The Moon, with soft colors, is painting the
night,
And shedding her bright beams where shadows
are darkest,
And filling the earth with her soft silv'ry
light—
I think of the angels who came in the moon-
light
With the message of peace to the shep-
herds of yore

And told them of Him who should save them
from sin,
And free them from sorrow and death
evermore.

Silently, in the cloudless sky,
The silv'ry stars their vigils kept,
And solemnly the night swept by,
While hill and mount and valley slept.
In splendor the moon had arisen,
And her chalice of silvery light
Ran over, and flooded the valleys
With a sea of glory that night.

But what doth mean that gleam that
comes,
Brighter than moonlight, from afar,
With life and hope in every beam?
It was the bright, the Morning Star!
The shepherds saw the glorious light,
But knew not what its radiance
meant,
Till a sweet choir of angels bright,
With shining wings, from heaven was
sent!

The silent hills made no reply
As through the air the anthem rolled:
"A Child is born in Bethlehem,
The Prince by prophets long fore-
told."

“Peace! Peace on earth!” the angels sang,
“Peace on the earth, from shore to
shore!

The peace that Man has wanted long—
Peace with his God, forevermore!”

Still, silently beaming, that glorious artist,
The Moon, with soft colors, will paint the
deep night,
And shed her bright beams where the
shadows are darkest,
And flood the whole earth with her soft,
silv’ry light!
And we know that the angels will come in the
moonlight
With a message of peace to our hearts,
as of yore;
Though the red stars have met in the dark
vault of heaven,
The Morning Star shines o’er the earth
evermore!

THE CHRISTMAS BABY

Hail! Sweet first-born son, that cometh
To this snow-clad home of ours!
Tell us, on what love-sent mission,
Hast thou come from Eden’s bowers?

Tell us—that we may receive it
While thy young life, free from guile,
Bears the impress yet of heaven,
And the angel's holy smile.

Art thou come to tell the story,
Told by angels long ago,
Of a kind and loving Saviour,
Sent to save from sin and woe?

Ah! We need to be reminded
Of that Advent, o'er and o'er,
That our hearts may learn to love Him
And His holy name adore.

Did He send thee, darling baby,
To remind us of His love,
How He came, like thee, all sinless,
From the heavenly courts above.

To this earth, so cold and sinful,
Here to suffer grief and pain,
That our hearts, through His atonement,
Might be washed from sin's dark stain?

Blessed Jesu! Child of Mary!
Be this infant's guide, we pray.
May Thy presence never leave him,
Keep him pure from day to day.

CHRIST'S ADVENT

Once again the Gates are opened;
Once again those seraphs bright,
Heralds of a joy eternal,
Fill the earth with heaven's own light.

Now the peace "that passeth knowledge,"
Soothes each sin-sick, aching breast,
And a sweet foretaste is given
Of a pure, eternal rest.

Christ has come! the earth proclaims it!
For the heart, so cold erstwhile,
E'en to bitt' rest foe is warming
'Neath the Christ Child's holy smile.

And the closed hand now is opened
To His poor, and, tenderly,
We may hear a sweet voice whisper,
"Ye have done it unto Me!"

Then that false usurper, Satan,
Vanquished, leaves his throne, our
hearts,

And a gentle, loving Saviour
Mandate sweet to us imparts.

This is why the little children
Seem more dear at Christmastide—
Of His kingdom they are emblems,
Close to Him our steps they guide.

Blessed Jesus! Child of Mary!

Teach each mother heart to pray
That Thy presence ne'er may leave them—
Christmas keep from day to day!

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

A happy, happy Christmastide
Be yours, with its merry cheer;
Any may you garner the wine of joy
From grapes of the glad new year.

Cheery wishes, hearty greetings
Take from me this Christmas day,
Happiness and health and fortune
Go with you upon life's way.

THE PROMISE

You told me, ere sadly you left me,
Yet hopeful, with manhood's true pride,
To find, 'mid the flowers of the prairie,
A home for your happy young bride,—
How sweet it would be, in the future,
When the labors of day were all o'er
If I'd meet you with smiles and with kisses,
And welcome you in at the door.

And now, after long months of labor,
 As I clasp the dear hands once again,
That have roughened with toil, that my roses
 Might bloom without thorns on the
 plain—

And you tell of the little thatched cottage
 That is waiting for me on the moor,
I promise to meet you with kisses
 And welcome you in at the door.

I promise to love and to honor,
 And your voice ever gladly obey,
And, forsaking all others, prove faithful
 Till God's voice shall call me away.
And should God, in His bounteous love,
 bless us
 In our basket as well as our store,
I'll teach them to meet you with kisses
 And welcome you in at the door!

FORGET

Love's meagre dole cannot banish all sorrow,
 Nor Memory's sweetness o'ershadow regret;
Evening's grey cloud holds no hope for to-
 morrow,
 So the heart turns in welcome to Wisdom's
 —“Forget!”



ON THE BANKS OF THE KAMINISTIQUA

Wisdom would burn all the bridges behind me,
Leaving Hope no return to the old hours—
but yet,
Fond Memory's sweetness and fragrance re-
mind me
Love bridges all streams, and Love cannot—
forget.

SISTER LIGHTS

The pearl-grey light of the morning
Chased shadows and work away,
With mellow tints adorning
The eastern gates of day,
But my work and the silver moonbeams,
And stars of the silent night,
Hold a glory far more lovely
To me than the garish light.

I think of a sleepless vigil
That kept laboring pace with mine,
Where the hours, 'mid dim watchlight shadows,
Drag on in unending line;
Where day, with its tarrying moments
Made heavy and drear with pain,
Brings only a prayer for darkness,
And the gleam from a window pane.

For the window-shine through the shadow,
In the hush of the silent night,
Tells of work that makes night travel faster,

As the stars tell of heaven's glad light.
So the world, with its ceaseless labor,—
Its mornings of pearly grey,
And its evenings of restful shadow—
Tell of heaven's eternal day.

MOTHER

The hymns she loved, the holy melodies
Stirred all our hearts as soft Hosannas ring
Like heavenly music borne upon the breeze,
That lifts our hearts to where God's angels
sing.

The flowers she loved—we laid them on her
bier;
The roses red and white upon her breast;
And fragrant lilaes, that she held so dear,
Drooped tenderly o'er hands and heart at
rest.

The one she loved beside him on the hill,
She waits translation to their home above.
Dear heavenly Father, bid our hearts be still,
Nor doubt that resurrection and Thy love.

IN HIS HANDS

To-night with sweetest words and fond
caresses

You lull your babe to rest;
Tonight, upon the hill, the cold earth presses
My darling to her breast.
In the morn your love may rise
From her warm, soft cradle bed;
Bitter tears will dim my eyes,
I can not be comforted.

If you should near the vale of Death tomorrow,
If you should hear the call
That bids you leave, for aye, this world of
sorrow,
Its sin, its fears and all
Earthly cares, your heart would cry—
“Spare me yet, O Lord, I pray!
Who will guard my child, if I
From her side be called away?”

O faithless ones, to doubt our heavenly
Father!

Lord, bid our hearts be still;
Nor faint, nor falter at Thy word, but rather
Rejoice to do Thy will.
Can He not thy loved one keep
In that path by Jesus trod?
For my darling should I weep?
Safe at home, she “walks with God.”

IN HOPE OF A GLAD RESURRECTION

On the snow-covered hill you are slumbering,
dearie,
Far, far away from your warm home to-night;
For your love and caresses my heart grows
a-weary,
And calls to your bed 'neath the winter moon-
light.

Deep under the snow, where the angel of
shadow
Presses you close 'neath the fold of his wing,
The Angel of Life is now calling in whispers:—
“Waken, sweet flower, to the voice of the
spring!”

Dear Mother Earth to her loving breast gathers
All the sweet treasures of times long gone by;
Flowers we thought faded and dead—gone
forever—
Still they are near us, they somewhere are
nigh.

Come, at the call of my heart, O my darling!
Twine your arms round my neck as you did
long ago,
Let me share your sweet rest till the last Easter
morning
Let me slumber beside you under the snow.



IN HOPE OF A GLAD RESURRECTION

ONLY A SPAN

TORONTO, July 26th.—The body of a seven-year-old girl was found in the bay at the foot of George street this morning. It was identified as that of little Beckie Silverman, a poor, small wanderer of the city, who has often been taken care of by the police.

Only a span—one arch of the seven,
Graceful and strong, by the Master designed;
Stretching from earth towards the borders of
heaven,
Formed to withstand life's rough billows and
wind.

Planned—but the builders unheeded the blowing,
Recked not the roar of the tempest and rain;
Carelessly placed they the keystone, unknowing
How cruel the strength of the fierce hurricane.
Love, the grand keystone the Architect chooses
Strongly to bind childhood's years in their span,
Lies on the shore, while the workman refuses
The stone that the Master has marked for His plan.

Too late, when the storm and the tempest are
ended,
The stone they rejected lies there in their
sight;
But the work that the Master has placed in
their keeping
Lies wrecked 'neath the waves on this dark,
bitter night.

LOVE'S MESSAGE

We had entered the valley of shadow,
With its vista of sorrow and fears,
Where Death, with his sickle, was waiting,
And our hearts were too heavy for tears.
For our Rosebud must pass on to meet him,
All alone she must suffer the blow
That would strike like the sharp, poisoned
arrow
In the heart of a young, bounding doe.
When I heard the sweet voice calling
"Mother!"
And with hands stretched for loving embrace,
"I just wanted to tell you I love you,"
She whispered, and fondled my face,
"That's just all that I wanted," Forever
Will those sweet, loving words ever bless,
And their music dispel the dark shadows
With their sweetness of loving caress.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

Rosebud lay, one summer evening,
In her warm, soft trundle bed,
With her small hands folded softly,
As in prayer, above her head.
Then she whispered gently, "Mother,"
Fixing loving eyes on me,
While a thoughtful, wistful shadow
Seemed to veil the childish glee,—
"Mother dear, when you have kissed me,
And before I go to sleep,
Folding hands, like this, above me,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
Then He comes and gently leads me
To a land that's far away,
Beautiful with light and glory,
Where the blessed angels stay.
There I gather, in His gardens,
Lovely roses, lilies white,
Singing with the holy angels
Sweetest songs all through the night.
When the morning comes, you call me,
And I waken from my sleep,
He gives back the soul I gave him
Safely in His heaven to keep.
And I can remember only
Just like happy, happy dreams,
Lilies white and wreaths of roses,
And those wondrous, shining streams!"

SKIPPING TIME

With a hippity-hop, and ring-the-bell,
From school the girls come skipping;
Then, climb-the-ladder, and wring-the-cloth,
In a merry, tuneful tripping.

And the boys all follow, in gleeful hope,
For pepper-and-salt comes after;
And it takes a strong hand to turn the rope,
Keeping time to the lilting laughter.—

“Turn the skipping rope for me—
Turn it steady, fast, dear!
And I will be your own true love
When I’m ‘caught out’ at last, dear!”

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR

(Written for the Educational Journal)

Mother, the bells are ringing!
Please bring my book and slate.
’Tis strange I slept so soundly—
I never yet was late.

You know, our teacher, mother,
Though kind, is very firm.
I’ve tried so hard to please her,
And lose no marks this term.

My brothers must be waiting—
I feel so strangely weak!
What mean those sighs, dear mother,
Those tears upon your cheek?

Ah, now I know! for never
I'll need my books again.
Is that the thought, dear mother,
That fills your heart with pain?

But do not grieve so sadly,
For, when I sank to rest,
A glorious vision came to me
While leaning on your breast.

I thought I started early
Upon my way to school,
And hastened quickly onward,
To keep the opening rule.

When, all at once around me
There shone a radiant light
That changed the glistening snow-drifts
To banks of flowers bright.

And, through a narrow pathway,
Just wide enough for two,
A Presence seemed to guide me,
I thought, at first, 'twas you.

Then, looking up in wonder,
 My eyes beheld a face
So sweet, so pure, so holy,
So bright with kingly grace,
A fear, at first, possessed me,
 That, when He'd learn my name,
He'd turn in sorrow from me—
 My guilt would bring Him shame.
But, "Come to Me, and fear not!"
 I heard a sweet voice say,
And then I knew 'twas Jesus,
 And followed in the way.
And soon we reached the portals
 Of that fair Heavenly Home,
Upon whose wall is written:—
 "No guilt may ever come!"
There, 'mid the undimmed glory
 Of Heaven's perfect day,
Ten thousand, thousand children
 Their harps triumphant play.
They sing the old, old story
 Of Christ's most wondrous love,
Who left, for little children,
Those Heavenly courts above,
Where all is pure and holy,
 A child on earth to be,
That He might learn the trials
 Of little ones like me.

And this is why the Master
Is patient when we err,
And why that love, so tender,
Our hearts within us stir.

And lessons grand He teaches,
From grass and lilies fair,
And leads the children 'mid the flowers
That hide no sharp thorns there.

So tell my school-mates, mother,
To read the Book He's given,
And early seek His courts, that they
May not be late for Heaven.

Tell them that narrow pathway
Is not so cold and drear,
As they who know it not have told
And filled their hearts with fear.

How can it be but pleasant,
That path by Jesus trod?
Around his feet rich treasures
Spring forth from every sod!

And, when our earthly lessons
Are learned with patient care,
He'll ring for us the Heavenly bells,
To call His children there!

THE CITY'S DIADEM

The Hills of Peace

The gifts of the gods lay at her feet,
In the jewelled Sea with its treasure fleet,
Its emerald islands, fair and sweet,
 Veiled in amethyst glow,
 While, soft and low,
The waters wooed with caressing flow.

But the longing Sea with its lust of gain,
Its ceaseless surges of joy and pain,
Sang its cadence of luring love in vain;
 For she sought hearts' ease,
 Where all turmoils cease—
And the best of the gifts of the gods is peace.

So she turned at the hills' and meadows' call,
Where the Sun lets his gold-dust lightly fall
On the palace dome and the cottage wall;
 And he whispered low,
 As he crowned her brow,—
“On the hills lie the gods' best gifts, I trow.”



"THE BEST OF THE GIFTS OF THE GODS IS PEACE"

YOUR PAPER

I've seen by your faces how gladly you've
welcomed
The paper each day, as you opened the door,
And gaily I've whistled to think of the
pleasure
It showers alike on the rich and the poor.
And, as your eyes fall on its clear printed
pages,
Not blotted and blurred, as so often appears,
Which makes people think of the stammer and
stutter
Which falsehood begins with, which scrutiny
fears—
You'll find on its pages the latest home gossip
Of happenings new in our own city fair,
For we know how its progress and pleasure
will charm you,
Its weal or its woe all your sympathy share.

So, into the workshop, the school and the
churches, "
A "chiel" goes among you with notebook in
hand,
And he "prents" in his paper the deeds worth
recording
Of clergy, and laymen, and statesmen so grand.
Then news you may read in this wonderful
paper,

From near and from far, your hours to be-
guile;
And the merchant and housewife, the school-
boy and teacher,
Find subjects to interest or bring forth a
smile.

It tells of the advent of each little stranger
That comes to our world from the Heaven
above,
Of wedding bells joyful, and bells tolling sadly
For the passing away of the friends that we
love.
And now, when you read it, this festival season,
That brings kindly gifts to the young and the
old,
Remember the news-boy who brings you this
paper
Through storm and through sunshine, through
heat and through cold.

And blessings and joy will he wish you forever,
And see that your paper each day will appear,
If you'll cheerfully help make for him what
he wishes
To all of its readers—A Happy New Year!

THE CARRIER BOY

'Tis easy to tell
That Kris Kringle's been here,
For the air is resounding
With hearty good cheer,
Bright smiles wreath the faces
Of young and of old,
And they laugh at the Storm King,
The frost and the cold.
Blest Santa Claus labored
Till dawn of the day,
And his gifts in each stocking
Were safe stored away:
Then he chuckled with glee
As he thought how the light
Of his coming would fill
The whole earth with delight!
So he sprang to his place,
To his team cried, "Away!"
But he checked them again
With a cry of dismay—
For, lo! in the twilight,
His face lit with joy,
Stood, expectantly waiting,
A Carrier Boy.
"God bless me," cried Santa Claus,
"What shall I do?
I've forgotten to give
The poor 'devil' his due!"

But a merry voice shouted:
"Dear Chris, have no fear!
For our patrons ensure us
A Happy New Year!"

THE ALCHEMIST'S STONE

At last 'tis discovered—the stone which the
Magi
For ages have longed for and sought for
in vain;
That changes to gold every object it touches,
And restores to mankind his lost Eden
again.
'Tis a wonderful gem—it has power to endow
you
With all that the alchemist's power can
bestow;
And the name of this magical, wonderful jewel
That lends such enchantment is "Pay-as-
you-go."

A CURLERS' TEA

When a' the bonspiel wark is dune
Ye'll gang awa wi' me,
An' hae a richt gude cheerfu' sip
O' the bonnie curlers' tea.



THE COUNTRY CLUB IN WAR TIME

The bonniest lassies o' the toon,
In kirtles gay, ye'll see;
Sae, "Soop her up" my boys, the nicht,
Then hae a cup o' tea.

There's naethin' like the roarin' game
An appetite tae gie;
An' a' the gude things ye can min'
Upon the boord ye'll see.

The sonsiest lassies o' the toon
'Ill wait on you an' me,
An' turn oor thochts tae ither rings
Beside the curlers' tee.

There's scones an' bannocks, Bubbly Jock,
Tae fair delicht yir e'e;
Cuddle ma dearie, callops Scotch,—
Sic like ye ne'er did see!

An' a' the bonniest o' the lan'
Tae wait on you an' me;
Sae skirl awa' the besom, mon,
An' gang an' hae yir tea.

Whiles stane an' besom fly like mad,
An' curlers shout wi' glee,
"Noo mon, sweep hard!" an' "Soop her up!"
As in the auld countrie.

Each douce an' bonny leddy fair
 'Ill wark like ony bee,
Tae win yir siller at the ha'
 An' cook the curlers' tea!

LOON LAKE

Golden pavements there are none;
 Silver sands, beneath our feet,
In this city of our dreams,
 Echo only cadence sweet
Of the dip of Norah's paddle
 As it dances to her song—
"Daisies, waken! ferns, uncurl!
 Sing and laugh the whole day long!

All the birds and bees that waken
 To the warmth of summer hours,
Tell of laughing waves that sparkle
 Joyous welcome to the flowers.
Twilight with its rosy sunsets
 Dreams of this glad day will bring;
Star anemones will offer
 Praise ineffable of Spring!"



"Minnie-wa-wa," Bungalow
Summer residence of
Col. J. A. Little, Loon Lake.

MINNE-WA-WA

COMPILATION
OF
ADAPTED
VERSE

THE TEACHER

Weary and faint, and tired,
I sit in my stiff-backed chair;
Without, wild flowers' perfume
Is borne on the ambient air,
And yonder shady wood
That I see through the open door,
Mocks, with its murmur cool,
Hard seat and dusty floor.

And Willie, with bare, brown feet,
Is longing to wade in the stream,
Where the trout, to his luring bait,
Will leap with a quick, bright gleam—
And his teacher's eyes will stray
To the flowers on the desk hard by,
And her thoughts will follow the gaze
With a half-unconscious sigh.

Have patience, restless Will,
The brook and the fish will wait,
Soon the bare, brown feet may pass
Down the winding road from the gate;
And to me full soon will come
The sweet perfume of the flowers
I'll turn to my books again,
And leave love for the after hours!

THE MOON

The Moon is a glorious artist,
She paints the silent night;
Where gloomy shades are darkest
She sheds her silvery light.

Her palette is the brilliant sun,
From whence she takes her hue,
Her landscape is the verdant earth
And all the azure blue.

Her station is the lofty heavens,
Amid the starry host,
Her critic is the eye of God,
She loves to please the most.

Her pencil is obedience still
To Nature's law divine,
And God, in His great wisdom,
Produced the grand design!

—E. W.

THE WEDDING DAY

Our wedding day, years score and five ago—
Dear heart, I heard you say,
If months, or years, or ages since have passed
I know not. I have ceased to question time,
I only know
That once there pealed a chime of joyous bells,
And all stood back, and none my right denied.
And forth we walked—
And since that day I count my life—
The past is washed away.

Dedicated to Queen Mary on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her wedding day, June 6, 1918, and graciously accepted by Her Majesty.

A VISION

The pure snow was quietly falling
And shrouding the land all in white,
And hiding, like Charity's mantle,
Earth's stains and its evil from sight.
It was changing the evergreen pine-trees
From em'rald to purest of pearl,
And cov'ring with glistening snow-wreaths
The grave of my lost little girl.

“Oh! Come back to mother, my darling,
I cried in my daring despair,
When lo! like a halo from heaven,
A light filled the ambient air;
And the light and sweet voices of angels
Seemed to hover just over my head,
And a voice rose above the soft music,
“Oh, why do you weep for the dead?
“She is safe in the arms of the Saviour
Free forever from sorrow or pain;
Would you summon her back from that heaven
To earth and its sorrows again?
Soon, soon will your journey be ended,
That bliss and her presence to share,
Soon your darling will bid you a welcome
To the joys that are waiting you there.”

BABY ERNEST

Sweetly Baby Ernest sleeps
In his warm, soft cradle bed;
But his mother only weeps,
And can not be comforted.
Only yesternight it seems
Since she sang his lullaby,
Kissed his lips for smiling dreams,
Kissed each drowsy-lidded eye.
Then his lips were warm and red,
Eyelids faintly tinged with rose;
Now his lips are cold and dead,
Eyelids white as winter snows.

Then the baby slept, reclined
In his own soft cradle bed,
Now his couch is satin-lined,
And the baby boy is dead!

When he smiled in healthy sleep,
Angels spoke to him, we thought,
And this sweet belief I keep—
He the angel language caught.

And, when angel fingers light
Sealed his lips and closed his eyes,
Baby clasped them with delight,
Led by them to Paradise!

THE MASTER

“The Master has come over Jordon,”
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
“He is healing the people who throng Him,
With a touch of His finger, they say.

“So now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachael, and Samuel, and John,
And the little baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon.”

“Now, why dost thou trouble the Master,”
Said Peter, “with children like these?
Know’st thou not that, from morning till
evening,
He healeth and cureth disease?”

But, "Hinder them not," cried the Master,
 "Let the little ones come unto Me!"
Then His arm around Rachael He folded,
 And Esther He took on His knee.

I'M NOT AFRAID TO DIE

A dying boy lay watching
 The summer sun go down;
He thought it like a golden gem
 In the Redeemer's crown.

His soft blue eyes were sunken,
 And his cheeks were very pale,
Except two little hectic spots
 That told their own sad tale.

Alas! for many, many days
 The suffering child had lain
Upon his little narrow couch,
 In agony and pain.

But he loved to see the sun set
 Upon his little bed,
As it shed a gentle halo
 About his dying head.

He watched the last, faint rays depart,
 Then said, as oft before,
"Mother, the sun's gone down again,—
 Shall I ever see it more?"

But a brighter sun was shining
About that little cot;
The Sun of Righteousness was there,
Whom the world seeth not.

“Mother, I’m not afraid to die,”
The little sufferer said,
“For Jesus seems so very nigh,
So close about my bed.

I soon shall go to Heaven, Mother,
Jesus will let me in,
Because, you know, He died, Mother,
To wash away my sin.

And I shall wear a white robe,
And sing His praise all day,
And Jesus, with His own soft hand,
Shall wipe my tears away.

I hear the sweetest music
When you think I am asleep
I’m sure it is the angels,
But, Mother, do not weep!

You would not wish to keep me,
To suffer longer here,
When Jesus kindly calls me,
Oh, would you, Mother dear?”

“Oh, ’tis so hard to part, my child,”
The weeping mother cried;
“And you are all I have on earth,—
I have no one beside!

I shall miss you very sadly,
But I know I should not weep,
For you say that Jesus loves you,
And He your soul will keep.

I would that I could trust Him,
Like you, my gentle boy,
But all is dark within me,
I have no hidden joy.”

“Oh, Mother, do not say so!
But tell to Him your grief;
He will not cast you from Him,
But soon will send relief.

Tell Him you’re poor and wretched,
And ask Him for His grace,
And soon He will reveal to you
The brightness of His face.

Fly to the cross of Jesus,
And wrestle hard in prayer,
Ask Him to help you with His strength,
And He will meet you there.

Oh! when I think of parting, Mother,
Never to meet again,
The thought it almost kills me—
It fills my heart with pain.

But something seems to tell me
That we shall meet once more,
Never to part again, Mother,
Upon that happy shore.

And now 'tis growing dark, Mother,—
Please raise my head again.
I feel a little weak, Mother,
But not so much in pain.”

His mother gently raised him—
He breathed a little prayer—
The damp of death was on his brow,
But an angel's smile was there.

Thus, leaning on her bosom,
He breathed his latest sigh,
And softly murmured forth the words,
“I'm not afraid to die!”

